Rat. Your Highneſſe told me I ſhould poſt before.
King. My minde is changd ſir, my minde is changd,
How now, what newes with you? *Enter Darby.*
Dar. None good my Lord, to pleaſe you with the hearing
Nor none ſo bad but it may well be told.
King. Holiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why dooſt thou runne ſo many mile about,
When thou mayſt tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes?
Dar. Richmond is on the ſeas.
King. There let him ſinke, and be the ſeas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doth he there?
Dar. I know not mighty ſoueraigne but by gueſſe.
King. Well ſir, as you gueſſe, as you gueſſe.
Dar. Stird vp by Dorſet, Buckingham and Elie,
He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.
King. Is the Chayre emptie? is the ſword vnſwaid?
Is the king dead? the Empire vnpoſſeſt?
What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?
And who is Englands king, but great Yorkes heire?
Then tell me what doth he vpon the ſea?
Dar. Vnleſſe for that my liege, I cannot gueſſe.
King. Vnleſſe for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueſſe, wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuoult, and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.
King. Where is thy power then to beate him backe?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne ſhore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ſhippes.
Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
King. Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the North?
When they ſhould ſerue, their ſoueraigne in the Weſt.
Dar. They haue not bin commanded mightie ſoueraigne
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,
Ile muſter vp my friends and meete your Grace,
Where and what time your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe.
King. I, I, thou would'ſt be gone to ioine with Richmond,
I will not truſt you Sir.
[illegible] oſt mightie ſoueraigne,

You haue no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be falſe.
King. Well, go muſter men: but heare you, leaue behinde
Your ſonne George Stanley, looke your faith be firme:
Or elſe, his heads aſſurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit Dar.*
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. My Gracious ſoueraigne, now in Deuonſhire,
As I by friends am well aduertiſed,
Sir William Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many moe confiderates, are in armes.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. My liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their ayde, and ſtill their power increaſeth.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of Buckingham.
He ſtriketh him.
King. Out on you owles, nothing but ſonges of death.
Take that vntill thou bring me better newes.
Meſ. Your Grace miſtakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by ſudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of Buckinghams armie is diſperſt and ſcattered,
And he himſelfe fled no man knowes whither.
King. O I cry you mercie, I did miſtake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him:
Hath any well aduiſed friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in Buckingham?
Meſ. Such proclomatiō hath bin made my liege.
Enter another Meſſenger.
Meſ. Sir Thomas Louell and Lord Marques Dorſet,
Tis ſaid my Liege are vp in armes,
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace,
The Brittaine Nauie is diſperſt, Richmond in Dorſhire
Sent out a boate to aske them on the ſhore,
If they were his aſſiſtants yea, or no:
Who anſwered him they came from Buckingham,
Vpon his partie: he miſtruſting them,
Hoiſt ſaile, and made away for Brittaine.